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THE CHARLOTTETOWN GUARDIAN

READ ALL OVER PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

MORNING Daily—Catches All Early Morning Mails.

MORNING DAILY FOUNDED 1891 WEEKLY (NOW RURAL DAILY) 1867 | "THE LATEST NEWS | CHARLOTTETOWN, CANADA, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1911. | FIRST OF ALL" | 25c A MONTH BY MAIL IN ADVANCE $2.50 PER YEAR BY MAIL IN ADVANCE

HOW COMMUNICATION WAS CARRIED ON

Over the Northumberland Straits for a Century of Winters—Story Told By H. Smith, City.

Mail communication between Prince Edward Island and the mainland is a problem that has interested and agitated the inhabitants of the Island Province from its earliest settlement down to the present time. For the first thirty years of its history under British rule or until the beginning of the nineteenth century, no mails reached the Colony during the time the navigation was closed, which was usually three or four months in each year. At all other seasons the mails were few and far between. In this period the transmission of letters from England to Halifax took six or eight weeks, and as no separate mail bag was made up for Prince Edward Island, all letters directed there were enclosed with the Halifax mail. These letters were sent to the Colony as opportunity offered by any persons willing to carry them and deliver them to their owners. On this account letters were often mislaid or lost, and their delivery was always necessarily uncertain.

The first postmaster appointed in Prince Edward Island was James Robertson, whose advertisement appeared in the "Royal American Gazette and Weekly Intelligencer of the Island of St. John," published in Charlottetown on the 29th September, 1787, as follows: "His Excellency the Lieutenant Governor having appointed the subscriber postmaster he assures the public that the strictest attention will be paid to all letters he may receive. The post office, which is kept in the same house as the printing office, will be open for the reception and delivery of letters at all reasonable hours." The postmaster was the editor and proprietor of the first newspaper published in the colony. The post office and the printing office, however, soon parted company and James Robertson was superseded by Benjamin Chappell who kept the post office in his own dwelling house. This building was easily found among the scattered houses of Charlottetown by a large vane in the shape of a fish mounted high on a pole above the roof which made a most hideous noise as it was shaken and turned around by the wind. The post office, which was a small building constructed of logs stood on the north side of Water Street between Prince and Great George Streets.

In those early days the emoluments attached to the office of Provincial Postmaster were not as large as under the present Canadian system, as the petition of Postmaster Chappell to the House of Assembly of Prince Edward Island dated 13th November, 1802, will show: "That petitioner finds a conscientious discharge of his duty in that office attended with much attention which calls him off from attending to that line of business by which he obtains his chief substance, which circumstance renders petitioner's holding said office rather injurious to himself as no allowance is made by the Postmaster General and but one penny is laid on every letter as a compensation for petitioner's trouble." This petition was laid on the table of the House and no action appears to have been taken upon it. In 1805 he presented another petition to the House showing that the business had greatly increased, "having become of more general service and utility." This time five pounds annually were allowed to the postmaster for the faithful discharge of his onorous duties. In 1813 Chappell again memorialized the Government, this time for ten pounds per annum, "because information and intelligence from all parts of the world are thought objects of the first consideration and to conduct them with care, steadiness and due attention is attended with many small losses unavoidable, and time is required to effect so good a service to general satisfaction and secure all letters as a sacred property." This petition was also granted and ten pounds asked for allowed annually. Postmaster Chappell continued in office until his death in 1825. After his death the post office was still held by the Chappell family in the same old building until 1843, when Thomas Owen was appointed postmaster of the colony.

In 1805 the question of transmitting the colonial mails from Halifax, including those for Prince Edward Island, was taken up by the general post office authorities in London "So that a mail be forwarded to Tatamagouche (84 miles) every week." This was to be accomplished by "sending the Pictou, Truro, Cumberland and Prince Edward Island mails as far as Sackville by the Windsor Weekly Mail; then as far as Truro by a messenger on purpose, and that with the Prince Edward Island mail the last twenty-four miles, also by a person on purpose to Tatamagouche." With regard to the conveyance from Tatamagouche to Charlottetown it was proposed to secure a shallope "to be employed once a week regular and at all times as often as occasion may require between Charlottetown and Tatamagouche at a small freight and passage." For this service it was decided to pay one-half the annual expense of the vessel out of the treasury. The other half was to be made up from the revenue of the post office at four pence per letter; also from passengers and freight of limestone, brick, horses, cattle, &c. It does not appear from the information at hand how long this arrangement lasted, but it is evident that this was the beginning of the now much talked of Charlottetown - Tatamagouche route for conveying mails, passengers and freight from Prince Edward Island to Nova Scotia throughout the entire year.

A Minute of Council of the Island Government passed in 1813 provided "that the regular establishment of mails to communicate with the colonies and the Mother Country is a matter of high importance to the Government and that the point of communication between the Island and Nova Scotia be from Cape Traverse to Bay Verte, and that the Government bear the expense of conveying the mails from Fort Cumberland in Nova Scotia by the above mentioned points of communication to Charlottetown." In accordance with this Order-in-Council, Gordon Thompson entered into a contract to carry the malls on this route for twenty pounds per month, one trip to be made each month during the winter. In the summer months he had to run a packet between Charlottetown and Bay Verte at eight pounds per month. This arrangement lasted two or three years.

The early period of the winter navigation of the Northumberland Straits was fraught with many hardships and dangers altogether unknown to the modern traveller. The total inexperience of the persons who had charge of the service, the need of proper boats and other appliances, and the absence of telegraphic communication between Prince Edward Island and Nova Scotia were only a few of the drawbacks that might be mentioned. When it is remembered that three or four men would undertake in the dead of winter, in the face of all those difficulties to cross sometimes between Cape Traverse and Cape Tormentine and at other times between Wood Islands and Pictou, some idea may be had of the hardships and dangers to which they were exposed. The sudden and practically instantaneous changes in the conditions of the Straits in winter are often almost incredible. At one time there may be seen a great stretch of open water as far as the eye can reach, and in a few hours afterwards the whole surface will be covered with an enormous mass of floating ice and immense piles of rafted ice driven at a rapid rate by the swift strong currents from the Gulf of St. Lawrence. The following are two of the many incidents that might be given to show the difficulties and delays experienced by these pioneer mail carriers and travellers.

Peter Smith, one of the bravest and most daring of these hardy couriers, being despatched with a mail from Wood Islands in the latter part of December, 1823, proceeded in a large row boat with three men besides himself and arrived in Pictou on the 31st December. He remained there a week awaiting the arrival of the mail from Halifax, when he started with it on his homeward journey. Arriving at Carribou from Pictou on foot, where he had left his boat, he found the ice making very fast and it was impossible to return the way he came. He was therefore compelled to build an iceboat at Carribou to enable him to go back to the Island. Having constructed his boat he and his three men started on the 16th January, 1824, and crossed between Carribou and Wood Islands a distance of twenty miles, delivering the mails in Charlottetown on the following day.

Early in the month of January, 1852, Archibald Cameron arrived at Cape Tormentine to go over the Northumberland Straits to his Island home in Lot 67. There were about twenty passengers waiting to cross. They procured a boat and and started out in the early morning but owing to the rough crossing they had to put back. It was then agreed that they should all start

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STABLE HINTS.

It is not hard work, but poor care, which ruins the average farm horse.

When the nights become warm enough there should be a night pasture ready for the work horses. Turn them out, not to eat, but to rest.

Always give them a good cleaning and brushing after they have eaten their supper and before they are turned out.

When a horse is cared for in this way, he will do more work and always keep in fine condition.

Always remove the harness at the noon hour, and use as little harness as possible when doing farm work.

Unless it is necessary to use blinds on the headstalls, don't do it.

Again we say, look well to the wark collars. See that they are wiped clean and dry every time they are taken off the horses. Keep them soft and pliable by frequent manipulation, and if they become too stiff to yield to such treatment, pound the face gently with a round stick.

Never leave home without a blanket for the horse.

If a horse is fidgety and nervous and lays back his ears while being harnessed, there is a reason for his conduct. It is more than likely that he has been frightened or abused by his former caretaker. Continued kindness will in most instances effect a cure.—Farm Journal.

SUPREME RULER GAVE HIS LIFE TO PURSUITS OF PEACE

Preached His Gospel to the Poor and Has Been the Inspiration of Great Men In All Ages—Those Who Have Understood Christ Best Appreciated Him Most.

Rev. Harold M. Rider, pastor of the Franklin Street M. E. Church, Baltimore, Md., preached recently in Brooklyn, N. Y. His subject was "What Think Ye of Christ?" The text was from Matthew xxii:42: "What think ye of Christ?" Mr. Rider said, in the course of his sermon:

The question, "What think ye of Christ?" has been answered by great minds who have acknowledged Him to be the noblest character of the centuries. Those who have understood Chsist best have appreciated Him most. He has been the inspiration of great men in every age since His coming.

Marvelous is it that He who gave His life to the simple pursuits of peace, and preached His gospel to the poor should have commanded such estimates from those who won distinction on fields of battle and in the arena of impassioned and forensic eloquence. But if great historians and warriors have been eager to place Christ supreme among men, the writers of poetry and fiction have also left their estimate in no uncertain words.

To Christ is conceded the highest attainment of moral character. Not in one virtue alone did He excel, but His life is symmetrically beautiful; all the graces centre in Him. He is mild and self-repressive before His persecutors, but He is strong and self-assertive in driving from the temple the money-changers. He is always sympathetic but never sentimental. He is the ideal of strong men and gentle women. He is worshipped by the ignorant peasant and the wise man of affairs. He is the Christ of children and the hope of men of years. He is the ever-living source and inspiration of virtue. As architects and sculptors have borrowed from the Parthenon conceptions of their art, builders of character and shapers of destiny have borrowed from Christ, their model in the art of noble living.

In answer to this question, "What think ye of Christ?" millions of men will never say, "Of a truth this is the Son of God." This highest estimate of Christ is attested by the humble and the mighty. Rousseau, the Swiss-French philosopher, whose "Emile" laid the foundation for modern education well said: "If Socrates lived and died like a philosopher, Jesus lived and died like a God." Renan, a biographer of Christ, exclaims, "Between Thee and God there will no longer be any distinction. Thou art a God."

"What think ye of Christ?" is a question one must inevitably face and answer. We meet it everywhere, as we attempt to interpret the great world movements in thought and deed. We cannot become familiar with the history of truth without recognizing that Christ has challenged the mightiest intellects that have reasoned concerning life and destiny. John Stuart Mill said: "There is no better translation of the rule of virtue from the abstract to the concrete, than for one to endeavor so to live that Christ would approve his life." The philosophic world within the past year has lost two intellectual giants, Borden P. Browne and William James, diverse in opinion, but both interpreters of conceptions of God. In their works we are ever brought face to face with Christian ideas. These are typical of that long line of thinkers reaching back to the day when the Greeks came to the disciple saying, "Sir, we would see Jesus."

This question, "What think ye of Christ?" is inevitable in the interpretation of human events. History is incomprehensible without Him. He treads the way of the centuries as the leader in great endeavors. Disraeli, a Jewish member in England's Parliament, thus acknowledged Christ to be the chief factor in European history: "The wildest dreams of Rabbis has been far exceeded. Has not Jesus conquered Europe, and changed its name to Christendom? All countries that refuse the cross wither, and the time will come when the vast communities and countless myriads of America and Australia, looking back upon Europe as Europe now looks upon Greece, and wondering how so small a space could have achieved such great deeds, will find music in the songs of Zion and solace in the parables of Galilee."

In the pursuit of pleasure and happiness we cannot avoid Christ. The way of every life leads to a cross. In the performance of duty and the shaping of conduct we cannot long do as we please. Every heart hears the voice of God in conscience, and the words of Christ, "This ought ye to have done." Christ's standard of ethics demands consideration. Saul, on the way to Damascus, is halted by a vision of the risen Lord. In the story of "Quo Vadis," as Peter flees for self-protection from the persecutions of Rome, he meets Christ with outstretched arms standing across his way. So does every man who flees from duty or wanders from the path of righteousness, find that Christ stands in his way, demanding devotion to God-inspired ideals, and saying, "Be ye also perfect."

The way in which we answer this question, "What think ye of Christ?" will affect the way in which we answer the questions, "What think ye of God, of life and of destiny?" Having settled our idea of Christ and our relation to Him, there follow certain other definite attitudes of mind and experiences of life. If we reject Him and His gospel, we are left to establish our lives upon those Christless principles of mere worldly wisdom which leave the heart unsatisfied in its deepest yearnings. If we accept Christ as Lord and Master, we accept His relevation of God, His rules of life, His promise of life everlasting, for these are inseparable from Him.

In hours of helplessness, we call for an assistance which we instinctively feel must be available for the strengthening of our lives. The human heart cries out for God. "Oh that I knew where I might find Him," is the yearning of many a lonesome soul. Even in the effort to understand ourselves and the world, the questions arise, whence did we come and whither do we go? What brought us here? What is the force that energizes our being? What is that unconquerable power before which we are compelled to lay down our lives? If we are Christians, there is left to us the agnostic answer, that we do not know, for all these things are beyond our apprehension and we stand in the presence of a colossal question mark? Or we may take the answer of the materialist, who says there is no God; everything is a combination of matter and force, transcending which there is no Divine Spirit; we are doomed to the dust from which we came; we are ruled by inexorable fate; make the best of life until the end shall come.

Christ delivers us from this cold godless intellectualism, and shows us the way to see a Divine Father by looking through a pure heart. "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." We find Him, not by searching among the stars but by opening our hearts to receive Him. No blind fate compels us, we work out our lives guided by a God of love. His heart throbs with sympathetic tenderness. He is concerned with the minutest affairs of human toil. If we accept Christ, we see that God is not far from everyone of us, and knowing Christ we know God; for the Christian's God is a Christlike God. Christ assured His disciples, "He that hath seen Me hath seen the Father." "What think ye of Christ?"

Another question concerns us vitally, "How shall we get the most out of life?" In it there is much that is pleasurable, but sorrow and trouble are universal. Evil seems mixed with every good. Is life, after all, worth the living? How can we make it so? The Christless answer to these questions is one of selfishness. The world is not to the good but to the strong. The dollar is the price of every pleasure, therefore live for thyself, get gain; worship mammon; bow down to the god of gold; eat, drink and be merry; after us the deluge. But the self-centred life soon becomes a miserable life.

Christ's law of life is the law of love. Instead of the pessimism of selfishness. Christ's gospel gives the optimism of unselfish devotion to the highest ideals of worthy service. In the Beatitudes, those pearls of religious wisdom strung on the cords of a tender heart, Christ says that life is blessed. "Rejoice and be exceeding glad." Pain, sorrow, trouble, unrequited toil are light afflictions which endure for a moment, but work out for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory. "All things work together for good to them that love God." The great rule of life, than which there is no greater, is "Thou shalt love the Lord Thy God with all thy heart, and thy neighbor as thyself." Christ puts love into our toil, our companionships, our worship, and thus makes life worth the living. "What think ye of Christ?"

One of the most vital questions in which we are interested was asked long ago in the drama of Job, "If a man die, shall he live again?" This question may not vex us amid the gayety of youth and pleasure, when we are interested only in the things about us and the experiences through which we move joyously. But it makes a strong appeal in the hours of serious thought, when we try to understand the meaning of the hopes of humanity. Our interest in life hereafter becomes serious when we pass through the bitter experiences of parting from those we love, and when with yearning hearts we long for reunion with family and friends. It is then there comes into our hearts the hope of another world; a heaven of eternal life, of satisfied longings and fulfilled desires. The Christless answer to this question is that death ends all. This despairing thought saps the soul of courage and leaves it desolate.

Accepting Christ and His Gospel, acknowledging Him to be the Son of God, and His Word divine truth, this age-old question of immortality is satisfyingly answered. Many a world-weary and saddened heart has been comforted by trusting those words of Jesus: "In My Father's house are many mansions; I go to prepare a place for you. I am the Resurrection and the Life. He that believeth on Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live. Because I live, ye shall live also." By the strong arm of His resurrection, Christ has opened wide the doorway to life eternal and leads us home.

If great minds have acknowledged Him to be the Son of God and worthy to be the Master of men; if the acceptance or rejection of Him is inevitable in human life; if He satisfies the yearnings of the heart; surely the question, "What think ye of Christ?" is supremely vital to us all.

Will you to Mount Zion go?

Will you have the Christ, or no?

HE DIDN'T COME BACK.

"I have been down by the pond, watching the boys skating," said the retired merchant, "and they're not in the same class with the boys of thirty years ago. I was the king bee of our neighborhood then, and I don't believe I've forgotten the fine curves of the game yet. I'm going to dig up a pair of skates this afternoon and go down there and show the boys a few things that will make them lean against each other and gasp."

"Don't be such a chump," objected the hotel-keeper. "You may have been a wonderful skater when you were young, but that was a hundred years ago, and you've become ossified since then, and if you go fooling around on that ice down there, the undertakers will have to scrape you up with a trowl.

"I was just such a chump as you a few years ago. When I was a boy I could skate in several languages and I won thousands of gold medals and blue ribbons at different times. Henry Ward Beecher and Horace Greely and other great men of that period, used to go into ecstasies over my skill. Then I grew up and went into the hotel business and I was kept so busy that I never saw a pair of skates for two or three decades.

"Then one fine wintry day, four or five years ago, I happened to go down to the pond and saw the boys circling around in an awkward way, and I thought just as you do now, that it was my duty to show what a real statesman of the old school of statesmanship could do when he girded his loins.

"I went home and dug up the skates that my grandfather wore at Lexington when he put the British to flight and fastened them on my feet and shot out on the ice like a meteor. It was my intention to cut some pidgeon wings and figure eight and geometric designs and other fanciful devices, but somehow I lost control of my legs, and the first thing I knew I was standing on my head, looking at a whole planetary system.

"That was the hardest ice I ever saw. It was the vertified kind, such as they cut up into paving bricks. Hard as it was I made a large dent in it with my head. In the Spring when the ice was gone there was a depression in the water, and it's there to this day so you can figure out for yourself how hard I landed. I was lying there—"

"Even as you are lying to this day," interrupted the retired merchant.

"Don't try to be too smart. It will undermine your health. I am telling you the truth, for your own good. A number of Alecs rushed to my assistance and helped me to my feet and asked me the usual fool questions. They wanted to know why I didn't fasten my skates on my head and wear my earmuffs on my feet. Now, if I'd had any sense I'd have quit right there acknowledging that I didn't know how to skate, but there is no fool like an old fool, as Rienzi said in his address to the Romans.

"So I laid the blame of the skates and had them readjusted, and then started out once more, after having my head tied together with a piece of rope.

"I had such a thundering headache that I couldn't see straight, and the first thing I did was to cavort into an airhole. The water under the airhole was five miles deep. Maybe you think it was nice warm water such as you find in the bathroom of this hotel. Doggone it, sir, that water was shipped from Spitzbergen. It was melted ice and nothing else. I went down about four miles and a half to see how much there was, and then I shot up as though I had been fire from a gun, and struck my head against the under side of the ice and knocked a hole through it, and the alecks who were watching my achievements grabbed me and pulled me out.

"It took me three years to thaw out, and my head has never been of much use since. And I've been guyed about it to this very day. All the William Henrys in this country were down on the pond that day, and every time one of them comes in here he asks me why I don't start a correspondence school and teach people how yo skate by mail."—Chicago News.

ONE THOUSAND SUCCESSFUL MEN.

"I have on my desk a list of one thousand successful men of this nation," writes an investigator in the Juvenile Court Record. "By 'successful' I do not mean mere money-makers, but men who have given us new conceptions of steam, electricity, construction work, educational, art, etc.

"Two hundred started as farmers' sons.

"Two hundred started as messenger boys.

"Two hundred were newsboys.

"One hundred were printers' apprentices.

"One hundred were apprenticed in manufactories.

"Fifty began at the bottom of railway work.

"Fifty—only fifty—had wealthy parents.

ALONGSHORE.

Have you ever sat down by the sea when scarcely a ripple disturbed its surface and meditated upon its gentleness? Have you ever seen it in storm, when the waves, whitecapped and ponderous, came thundering in, and been impressed with its awfulness? Have you ever drifted idly over the water or been tossed perilously from one billow to another? Have you ever listened to the talk of the old fishermen as they come in, sometimes with good catches, sometimes with poor? Have you ever heard their dry remarks upon the weather, the waves, the clouds, the running of fish? Have you ever admired with an inner longing their wholesome, hardy lives? If you have, or if the sea is to you all that is incomprehensible, all that is wonderful, abounding in mysteries calling for solution, and if those who go down to it with nets are an inspiration, an incentive, a class which you have always wanted to know better, then Stephen A. Reynolds' "Alongshore" will appeal to you. Here is the sea in all its varying moods; here are the fishermen with their simple but quaint expressions, their striking habits of life, here is the very spirit which broods over the face of the waters and those who make it their home.

The volume is full of that mild philosophy, that very flavor of the sea which one runs across at Gloucester or other ports. In its pages the 'longshore fishermen is drawn with a sincerity that is little short of marvellous.

ECCLESIASTICAL MUSIC

A correspondent writes to us from Rome, under date of January 4: "To an English Churchman visiting the Eternal City for the first time, the ecclesiastical music, judged by the best Anglican standards, is something of a dissappointment. To be rightly appreciated, however, Roman Church music must be referred to its own standard. Roman voices are deeper in tone and richer in quality, if less refined, than English, while the style of singing is such as we are accustomed to associate with Italian opera, and abounds in exaggerated expression. On the other hand there is a marked tendency at the present day to discard the over-florid compositions of the last two centuries and a half in favor of the staid gravity of Palestine and the ancients.—London Standard.

SHERIDAN'S CALENDAR.

Sheridan, the poet once wrote a comic calendar of the months, from which one may gather that the British climate has altered but little, if at all in our own time:

January, snowy; February, flowy; March, blowy.

April, showery; May, flowery; June, bowery.

July, moppy; August, croppy, September, poppy.

October, breezy, November, wheezy; December, freezy.

THE GOOD HOMELY FOLK LIKE ADAM

THE KITCHEN FLOOR

The woman who does all her own housework may lessen her burdens greatly by giving other attention to her kitchen floor than by a daily scouring.

For perfect cleanliness it should be painted, oiled, or covered with linoleum, but such a floor shows every bit of dust, and is tiresome to the feet. Rugs made from two thicknesses of old carpet stitched together will be heavy enough to kick about and if placed at outer doors prevent much tramping in of dust and mud. Let there be a large rug for the centre of the floor of some light-weight carpeting fastened in place. From old woollen underwear—stitch up sweeping bags to cover over the room.

For all ordinary cases a floor arranged in this way will need the following attention: The big rug may be gone over lightly with a broom or carpet sweeper each day, the door rugs shaken, and the floor margin swept with a covered broom, which removes all traces of dust. Once a week the floor margin should be cleaned with a damp cloth over the broom, and if soiled spots exist round the stove they should be cleaned with a small scrubbing-brush. Once each month the rugs should be removed and the floor thoroughly cleaned; and two or three times a year the rugs may require washing, but as they are light it is not difficult.

The Servant in "As You Like It," Still Exist, and Are the Salt of the Earth.

(Corp. 1909 by Bradley-Garretson Co, Ltd.)

O, good old man, how well in thee appears
The constant service of the antique world,
When service sweat for duty, not for meed.

As You Like It, Act 11., Sc. 3.

It is a common complaint that the age of faithful servants is no more. Constantly the good old times, when servants were servants in the highest sense of the word, are recalled. Each age seems to think that immediately preceding it was a species of golden age when men-servants and maid servants thought more of their master's welfare than the reward they were to receive for their services. The complaint is an old one. Here is Shakespeare, three hundred years ago, writing as though there was an ancient world in which ideal conditions of service existed. So will it no doubt be till the end of time. The eye of the present sees existing weaknesses and defects, and for its own uses frequently takes the isolated and rare cases of the past and generalises on them.

From the point of view of faithful service the world as a whole is better in the twentieth century than it was in the sixteenth or earlier. There is continuous growth. If this were not the case society would fall to pieces. Amiel truly remarks: "Ten righteous men would have saved Sodom, but thousands and thousands of good homely folk are needed to preserve a people from corruption and decay." The good homely folk, like Adam, the faithful servant in "As You Like It," still exist, and are the salt of the earth.

All men are servants, servants of their God, their king, their country, or their fellow-men. To forget this is to make men tyrants or loafers. Duty is urging every man to be a faithful worker. The very word duty is significant. It means something due,—a debt owed some being. Duty is threefold in its nature. There are natural duties,—duties owed parents, children or one's self; legal duties, duties owed society; moral duties, duties owed the Infinite. The truly dutiful man is the one who combines all three as a guide to conduct. Old Adam was a splendid example of the dutiful man. Shakespeare has produced no more excellent character. In his duty towards himself Adam had saved five hundred crowns to be his foster-nurse in old age; in his duty towards God he had kept his body pure; in his duty towards society he had ever been a faithful servant, and in his old age he was ready to sacrifice all from a sense of duty towards the son of his master. He still felt himself his master's debtor. The tender care the father had bestowed on him was remembered. He had been clothed and fed by a kindly master from infancy. He had attained old age without having to take thought for food or raiment. He had been well rewarded for his service and he was not ungrateful.

Adam evidently had had a good master. Therein is the secret of good service. If men are suspicious of their employees, tyrannical over them, only seeking to get as much profit as possible out of them, they must expect cause for suspicion and

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WOMEN AS CAR CONDUCTORS.

They have women conductors on the electric cars of Santiago, the capital of Chile. This was made necessary by the late war, which took so many men to the front, and imposed upon women the work usually done by men. The custom has been kept up, the women having proved equally as efficient as the men had been.

One of the most popular customs seen here is the evening promenade in the plaza or park, which is attended by young ladies and young men and quite small boys and girls. They do not mix, but keep quite separate paths.

Yet even the little girls at 7 or 8 years are finished coquettes. Their eyes languidly observe every man and boy in the plaza, and they take care that each shall receive a due share of their smiles.

Another curious custom which prevails in Santiago, and which is joined by those fortunate enough to have fine horses and carriages, is the promenade at the Parque Causino, a beautiful park near the center of the city.

A company of mounted police stands in single file in the center of the drive and the carriages, with uniformed coachmen and footmen and beautifully gowned women and fashionably dressed men occupying the carriages, ride around and around these mounted police.

Sometimes there are two or as many as six rows of carriages, some going in the opposite direction and alternating, the ladies smiling and the gentlemen tipping their hats in a polite manner. This promenading lasts from 5 o'clock in the afternoon until 8 o'clock in the evening.—Logical Point.